A constant and a kinde Maid:
Which saved a proper Young-mans life, And after proved his loving Wife. *To the same tune.*

Content thy selfe my love and doe not dye,
Thy life I love, thy death I doe defie;
Be then in joy, and seeke to banish paine,
Take a good heart, and I will love againe.

All things on earth doth love its chosen Mate,
And thou contemnest me and sayest I hate;
All love by fancie, Birds they love by kind,
Then fancie me and thou shalt favour finde.

For all the good that ever Crœsus wonne,
I will not seeme to leave my love alone;
No, no, my Love, I will not prove untrue,
For why will I change my old friend for a new.

Thou shalt not need to turne a Palmer poore,
For I for thee have Gold and Silver store;
Instead of finding out a desart place
Thou shalt have me within thine armes t'imbrace

Thou shalt not travell to another Land,
For I am she that am at thy command:
Thou shalt my deare have no cause to complaine,
For I with joy thy Love will entertaine.

If thou hadst landed on some forreine shore,
Then I would never have injoy'd thee more:
But being thou art here arriv'd with me
Thou shalt not goe hence dangers for to see.

What wouldst thou write of me thine own true love,
Care not, my Love, for I will constant prove,
I am thine owne, and so thou still shalt find,
To thee I will be loving, true, and kinde.

As I was faire and lovely in thy sight,
So will I prove thy joy and hearts delight,
I will not seeke my dearest love to kill,
But I will yeeld unto thy wished will.

Sweet I have listened to thy moanes and cryes,
Weepe thou no more, but dry thy watred eyes:
The stormes are past and Sun shines after raine
And I doe vow to love thee once againe.

If thou wert in the raging Seas so wide,
Upon a Dolphins back faine wouldst thou ride:
Desiring Neptunes succour out of hand,
To be thy Pilot to some certaine Land.

Sweet Love much danger doth abroad ensue,
The Seas and wilderneſſe bid thou adue:
Never seeke to write, or thinke of winde or tide,
But live with me, and I will be thy bride.

Oh stay at home sweet Love, and goe not there,
Wilde Beasts in pieces will thy body teare:
When I behold them for to sucke thy blood,
They shall have mine, my Love, to doe thee good.

Loe thus to thee my Love I doe make knowne,
Vowing hereafter I will be thine owne;
Loe stay thy hand my Love and doe not kill
Thy gentle heart, that I could love so well.

Then straight he tooke his Love into his armes,
Which had preserv'd him from such dangerous
Welcome quoth he) I love thee as my life, (harms
And quickly after he made her his wife.

Thus have you heard my song of woe and joy,
Let Maids and young men listen to't I pray:
Make you no bowes, but have a speciall care,
For fear y wound your Mates with deep dispaire

FINIS.

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